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Title: Diana : Fifth Generation Gangrel

Author: Book 2  
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ever transformed,  
ever seeking the  
truth.

\*Chapter Four\*

'Twas near the time  
of these awakenings  
that I learned of my  
mother's disgrace.  
My heart became as  
if of stone, hardened  
to all goodness and  
virtue that had been  
forced upon me all  
these years. For all  
of my life my mother  
had taught me that  
above all things one  
must always remain  
true to ones self and to  
ones honor. I began to  
wonder. How had she  
protected her honor?  
What lessons had been  
taunted in her mind as  
a result of her trials?  
And what of me, born  
in and of dishonor,  
how could I ever be  
made whole again?

\*Chapter Five\*

I left my island  
home and began to  
search, never looking  
back. I wandered the  
wilderness as my  
mother had done .  
Many mud soaked  
trails leading to  
hunger and despair. I  
remained barely alive  
feeding off worms  
and plants I found  
and in my travels  
came upon many new  
and strange creatures  
some of which I slew

for food and hides  
while from others i  
was forced to flee.  
For quite some time I  
wandered trying not to  
fall victim to the  
tormented places I  
discovered, learning  
more however from  
each place and thing.  
Each had its own  
special attack or  
thought process. Some  
were fleet afoot  
whilst others were  
slow and lumbering  
yet powerful. Some  
others, and these are  
the ones from which I  
learned the most,  
were magical. I  
watched them closely  
from cover, hiding  
unseen and deep in the  
shadows so as not to  
have my presence  
known. The hidden  
shadows between light  
and dark became my  
ally. As I watched and  
learned I began to  
gather magical items  
called reagents and  
slowly I learned the  
verses spoken,  
causing a spell to be  
cast upon my enemy  
which could do him  
harm without  
revealing my place of  
hiding. The feeling of  
power and freedom i  
felt with every  
casting was  
overwhelming. It was  
as if the power of the  
universe had been  
harnessed and handed  
to me. I reveled in it.  
This, I though, was  
the way to find the  
defiler of my mother  
and in doing so regain  
the honor that was  
lost. Honor, which  
had meant so much to  
her and now to me. I  
became consumed

with one thought,  
finding he who had  
brought me into this  
world and removing  
him from it forever.

\*Chapter Six\*

My travels would  
take me now from one  
shire to the next  
seeking out those who  
wouldst be likely  
candidates for my  
wrath.

Along the trail I was  
set upon by a new  
creature, a large bird  
person, which, by its  
looks, made me think  
of a large vulture  
walking upright on  
two feet like a man. It  
was slightly bent at  
the shoulders and  
peering over its left  
side in my direction. I  
felt a sudden panic!  
Had the creature seen  
me? Once more I  
slowly melted aback  
into the shadows,  
which had become my  
friend, and watched  
as the creature set  
upon an unsuspecting  
traveler. In no time it  
had killed its